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Choice Loetry.

THE DYING VOLUPTUARY.

following, taken from a superbold Latin poem, new to the most of our readers. In music, the i equal to any other production of the kind ex-hile some lines are thoroughly grand in construc-

- I must obey, I may not stay, The acone of life is ending; The lot is cast, Death calls at last, My final hour's impending; Farewell, estate, and hopes clate, All like a song are ending.
- Thou glorious sun, my day is done;
 But thou thy journey keeping.
 Go on thy way, great king of day—
 I must in death be sleeping;
 Night's pall is spread, the light is fied,
 My bark to port is sweeping.
- Thou moon serene, with silver sheen, Ye plannets golden seeming. And little eyes that star the skies, For my descendants beaming. The fate's decree of death to me. Is told by comets streaming.
- Three hundred times, three thousand times, Farewell, thou world defiling: Unateady thou, and slippery now, Farewell with all thy smiling: With falsehoods sweet and artful cheat, No longer me beguiling.
- Ye castles bright, with gens bedight, Farewell on high erected, With marble walls or viory halls In Fancy's skies reflected. I see my bed among the dead, By death's pale steeds directed.
- Ye beauties rare, whose charms so fair, My captive sense delighted; Desirons dream of love supreme, That all my mind excited. Now solemn shade o'er all is made! On sight and scene benighted!
- Ye dances vain and sport profane, In wanton cherus singing. Be still, I pray, your orgies stay, God's summons now is ringing; His crier Death, with startling bre My mortal sentence bringing.
- Delights of life, with luxury rife;
 The table's social pleasure;
 The dainty mests, the honeyed sweets,
 And wine-cup's crowned treasure;
 I losthe you all, while Death doth call
 To pledge his brimming measure.
- Haste ye away, fade and decay, Ye rich perfumes and dressee: Be cold and stale, ye pleasures frail, Provoking love's caresses. Foul worms shall dress in loathsome
- Oh, honor's height! oh, glory's light!
 I leave all honors fleeting.
 As hence I go, my fate to know,
 Eternity now meeting:
 Title and fame, and noble name.
 How worthless, and how cheating!
- Ye chosen few, my comrades true, Dear friends my pleasure sharing; Insulting Death stops every breath, No wit or wisdom sparing; And here, to-day, I leave our play, My last farewell declaring.
- Body, farewell, thy fate to tell, This final summons hearing; Thou too hast known, and culled thine own, My griefa and joys endearing. Body and mind, in life combined, One goal are always nearing.

Select Story.

A GHOST IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The President d'Albi, a distinguished Preuch ossessed an estate a few leagues distant from Tonlouse. Every year, during the vacation, he regularly went to pass some time at his estate, from the situation of which it was necessary to take a by-road. To avoid travelling by night, M. d'Albi always stopped at an inn called L'Hotel de la Poste, sending his carriage and servants on before him, and the following morning proceeded on horseback, attended by his faithful companion, Castor, a fine blood-hound. On his return to Toulouse, he acted in the same manner, sending his carriage on before him, to await him at the hotel.

On the 1st of March, 1758, M. d'Albi arrived on horseback; and being obliged to return in haste to Toulouse, he merely drew up at the hotel for the purpose of taking refreshment. But he was greatly surprised at finding the whole family in the utmost affliction. The master of the house had been missing for many days, and, as yet, all search to discover him had been in yain.

Yain.
The arrival of the President was a source of consolution to the afflicted family, and they looked with confidence to the measures which his counsel would suggest, and his authority enforce, in unravelling the mystery. Accordingly, he summoned the functionaries of the district around him, and gave orders that the most mineral in the accidence. he summoned the functionaries of the district around him, and gave orders that the most minute inquiry should be made in the environs. Foreaccing that this affair would detain him some time, he despatched his servant to his wife, lest his delay might cause her uneasines. These proceedings occupied the entire day; he was fatigued; but, before retiring to rest, he repaired to the stable, followed by his dog, lest in all this confusion, they should have forgotten to feed his horse—an animal upon which he set a high value.

On returning to the house, which was a little

covering the remains of a corpse in a state of putrefaction! He came out of the place, had the door shut, and commanded the peasants to preserve the strictest secrecy, until they had discovered the assassin, and thus prevent him from escaping the hands of justice.

The formalities being accomplished, they discovered the hoatler in a neighboring village. All the details turned out to be exact, but the discovery was attributed to Castor, for M. d'Albi never spoke of the vision.

After the murderer had been conducted to prison, and the unfortunate Francois had been buried, the President departed for Toulouse, promising the family at the hotel to return when the trial came on.

As soon as the trial commenced, M. d'Albi returned to the town, to follow up the prosecution. The murderer was condemned, and the President made arrangements for his departure. During the trial, which lasted several days, he went to his estate every night, and returned to town in the morning; but as this was the eve of departure for Toulouse, he remained at the Hotel de la Poste.

He had not his dog with him this night, Castor having followed the servant. M. d'Albi was alone in his chamber, when the apparation stood before him!

"You have had me honored," said the spectre.

tor having followed the servant. M. d'Albi was alone in his chamber, when the apparation stood before him!

"You have had me honored," said the spectre, "with Christian burial; through you, I have obtained justice upon my assassin. What can I do to recompense you for this service?"

M. d'Albi, in his dream, asked him to inform him of the day on which he would die. The vision promised it, and disappeared.

This new episode caused a complete change in the President's manner; he became gloomy, pensive, and absent; never hinting to his wife nor his dearest friends the cause of this change. These habits continued for nearly twelve years, when M. d'Albi began to resume his wonted serenity. As further time elapsed, his melancholy impression gradually disappeared; when, on the night of the 25th of May, 1772, being in a profound sleep, one of his old dreams returned, and Francois, the inn-keaper, stood before him! He approached him, covered with his shrond.

"You wished to know when your last hour shall arrive," said he to him, with a sepulchral voice. The vision extended its bony arm to the clock, and placing its finger on the point of midnight, exclaimed, "in one month, at this hour!"

The President violently pulled the bell which was placed at the head of his bed. His domestics found him in a state of great mental excitement, repeating incoherent words. His physician was sent for immediately, who, after having administered to him a narcotic draught, ordered him a warm bath. For several days, the President was in a state of great dejectiou. At length, becoming gradually more calm, he requested his wife to leave him alone with his brother-in-law, a man of strong mind and sound judgment, whom he wished to consult. When overy one had retired, he told him what we have just related.

The brother-in-law was not a little surprised at this strange revelation, and concluded that the President's mind was affected with a species of monomania. But everything was narrated with the utmost precision, the circumstances minutely detai

ated to him all the circumstances of the appa-

lated to him all the circumstances of the apparition, and asked his advice upon the matter. The paster was equally embarrassed as M. d'Albi's brother-in-law.

"The Divinity," said he, at length, "may manifest himself to us in various ways; his miracles daily present themselves to our eyes. It seldom happens, notwithstanding, that the dead quit their graves to communicate with living men; being impressed strongly with this idea, it would be prudent for you to approach the sacraments, and put your affairs in order. We must prevent this matter from making a noise; it might alarm the minds of the people,

living men; being impressed strongly with this idea, it would be prudent for you to approach the sacraments, and put your affairs in order. We must prevent this matter from making a noise; it might alarm the minds of the people, and give rise to a hundred ridiculous stories. You should not persist in concealing the circumstances from your wife, who is a woman of great fortitude and piety; let it be kept a secret from your children."

The clergyman then, with M. d'Albi's consent, imparted the eccret to the President's wife, who, in common with all those to whom it had been divulged, attributed it to a diseased mind.

The physician, though of the same opinion, as a professional man, thought that an imagination so violently excited might be attended with very serious consequences. He recommonded, above all things, a variety of engaging pursuits, and that he should be constantly watched—never allowed to remain alone, or abandoned to his own thoughts.

As the appointed hour approached, the President became more pensive and gloomy. But, what was extraordinary, his health did not appear at all affected, which his friends often remarked to him. They even sometimes joked on the infallibility of the prediction.

The eve of the predicted day had now arrived; the President never enjoyed better health! His wife and friends began to reckon with confidence on his recovery. But, from a feeling of superstitious fear, they not only resolved to change the hour of all the watches and clocks in the house, but they easily obtained permission to make all the clocks within the hearing of the President's hotel strike twelve at the hour of eleven. The family gave, on that evening, a grand supper, to which all their intimate friends were invited. M. d'Albi was distressingly agitated; every moment he looked at the clock. They langhed at him, and endeavored to make him, as well as the guests, merry by a plentiful out-pouring of wine. The elergyman himself were and reference of the president's chamber had not been advanced. The town clocks

what was extraordinary, his health did not apulate to the stable, followed by his dog, lest in all this confusion, they should have forgotten to feed his borne-ma animal upon which he set in the confusion, they should have forgotten to the distance, he perceived that Castor had not followed him. He returned, and called him several times, but had the greatest difficulty in feering him to return. Description of the control of the control had been controlled him. He returned, and called him several times, but had the greatest difficulty in feering him not shut the out-house how, and proceeded to bed.

At it was yot corrows by fatigue, he feel into a sound sleep. He had scarcely slept a few hours, and the strike treelve at the hour of part of the day had not should be about to speak not been been season to the speak of the day had produced, and the should be should be

Miscellany.

TRADITION OF CONQUEST.

His Grace of Marlborough, legends say, Though battle-lightnings proved his worth, Was scathed, like others, in his day, By flercer fires at his own hearth.

- Once, (shorn, she ha d coiled it there to wound Her lord when he should pass, 'tis said,' Shining across his path, he found The glory of the woman's head.
- No sudden word, no sullen look, In all his after days confessed He missed the charm whose absence took A sear's pale shape within his breast.
- I think she longed to have him blame, And soothe him with imperious tears— As if her beauty were the same, He praised her through her courteous years,
- But when the soldier's arm was dust, Among the dead man's treasures, where He laid it as from moth and rust, They found his wayward wife's sweet hair.

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

reinn Officer's Story of the March from Philadelphia.

The centeunial anniversary of the battle of Monmonth, at Monmouth's Court Honse, Freehold, N. J., gives especial interest to the foilowing translation of the (German or Hessian) story of "Sir Henry Clinton's march through the Jerseys," in June, 1778, and of the "Affair" or "Engagement" of Freehold, or the American battle of Monmouth Court House, June 23, 1778. This story, to the writer's knowledge, has never before been translated for an American journal. It is taken from the "Deutschen Hulfstrurpen," by Max von Eelking, Hanover, 1863. The author has a very high opinion of Sir Henry Clinton as a capable and spirited general, as well as a courteous and humane man. In this he is not mistaken, but, unfortunately, Sir Henry's activity and experience were neutralized at times by an indecision which in effect amounted to almost moral timidity. He was, doubtless, acceptable to the Germans, because he spoke their language and was conversant with their ways. This is easily explained, as Clinton was one of the officers belonging to the English corps sent to the relief of Frederick the Great, and served throughout almost the whole of the Seven Years' War under the celebrated Ferdinand of Brunswick. The latter here was so much struck with the intelligence of Clinton, then a captain, that he made him one of his aides-de-camp. This alone was sufficient to clevate him in the esteem of the Germaus.

VON KELKING'S NARRATIVE.

The brother-in-law was not a little surprised at this strange revelation, and concluded that the President's mind was affected with a species of monomania. But everything was narrated with the utmost precision, the circumstances minutely detailed, and the witnesses of the material facts were still living; besides, M. d'Albi was not a weak-minded man. Since that awful event had happened, be had, on numerous occasions, manifested his excellent judgment in his capacity of magistrate; but a fixed idea upon this point might have termented his imagination, and his brother-iu-law was at a loss for an argument to convince a man so singularly infatuated.

"If you take my advice," said the, "you will consult our pastor upon the matter; he is your spiritual director; he is, besides, a man of merit, and an enlightened guide."

M. d'Albi approved of this-connsel, and sent to request the clergyman's attendance. He related to him all the circumstances of the appastand in the streets before the doors. Almost every face is sorrowful, and people await what is impending between fear and hope. Some few are privately joyful. (The sad ones refer to the unhappy loyalists, the joyous ones to the opposito party. The former had good reason to mourn. Stedman says, and he is amply corroborated:— 'The great body of the loyalists of Philadelphia went along with the army. Such of them as had the imprudence to remain behind were treated with great severity. Some were banished. Several were thrown into prison and tried for their lives. Two of these—Roberts and Carlisle, very respectable characters, of the sect of Quakers—suffered death.')'

A part of the army, including the cavalry (proper) and the Franconian (Auspach and Bayrenth) regiment, was also sent off with the fleet. This consisted of fifty-one transports, to which a few frigates were assigned as protection. Altogether about three thousand men were thus detached to reinforce most important places—New York and Rhode Island.

CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

CROSSING THE DELAWARE. CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

On the 15th of June, the Stirn and (part of the) Loos brigades, together with the remainder of their baggage, were ferried over the Jersey. A portion of the British troops had preceded them. On the 17th the (rest of the) Loos brigade and the Jagers (riflemen) crossed the Delaware at Gloncester Point, and went into camp at Haddonfield. On the 18th, all the rest of the army followed. As soon as the fleet sailed down the river, it was rendered unnavigable by sinking old hulks in the channel. Clinton was compelled to leave his sick and wounded behind, and in a letter to Washington he consigned them to the magnanimity of the Americans. Washington might easily have troubled so difficult a passage over a broad stream, perhaps have prevented it, and if so, he might have placed the (British) army on this side (the right or west bank) in a very evil plight, since not only the troops, but also the whole army train, as well as a vast quantity of the necessaries of life, had to be ferried across in small boats. That the American commander let everything go on so peaceably, it seems as if he desired to build a golden bridge for his departing opponents.

On the 19th the whole army moved in two columns, the first under Cornwallis, the second under Knynbayesen and engemends at Morristan. On the 15th of June, the Stirn and (part of the)

On the 19th the whole army moved in two columns, the first under Cornwallis, the second under Knyphausen, and encamped at Morristown.
The first column comprised the Sixteenth light
dragoon regiment, First and Second English
greuadier battalions (unsurpassable), and the
First battalion of light infautry (marvellonsly
fine), the Third, Fourth and Fifth English brigades, the Coldstream Guards (A No. 1), and the
Hessian grenadiers—Knyphausen's column—consisting of the Seventeenth light dragoon regiment
(and here let it be observed that there seems to
be the strongest distinction drawn between cavalry and dragoons), the First and Second English brigades, the two Hessian brigades, of Stirn
and Loos, the Hessian and Anspach jagers (riflemen), the Pennsylvania and Maryland Loyalists,
and the West Jersey Volunteers. This column
had to convoy the provision and artillery train,
and formed the rear guard.

On the 24th of June the army reached Allentown. Here a complete change occurred, and

On the 24th of June the army reached Allentown. Here a complete change occurred, and the vanguard became the reargnard, to which the Hessian jagers (riflemen) were assigned. These, from this time on were constantly harmased by the pursuing enemy. Clinton's first intention was to pursue the direct route to the Hudson and Staten Isiand, but as, by this time, the American army had already crossed the Delaware, (at Coryell's ferry,) he was compelled to strike off on the road toward Sandy Hook.

THE MONMOUTH FIGHT.

On the 28th of June the reargnard was attacked at Monmouth Court House. Simultaneously an attempt was made to cut off the vanguard under Knyphausen, with which moved the whole of the trains. Clinton made him (the German divisionary) march with the break of day, in order to afford him time to get a good start of the enemy; but he himself, with the rest of the army, did not commence to move till eight a. m. Knyphausen at once drove off the (flanking) enemy's troops, but the rearguard had a tougher time of it. At first several American divisions showed themselves upon Clinton's left flank, (left after he had faced about). These, however, were quickly driven back by Simeoe's Queen's Raugers. When Clinton had desended from the heights of Freehold into a plain, (about a mile east of it,) he discovered other columns of the enemy, which were advancing upon him. These sought to get in upon both his flanks. As soon, however, as the baggage became involved in a long defile, Clinton came to the conclusion that the enemy's attention was especially directed thereto, and thereupon he determined to (counter) attack, although he knew that he had Washington and THE MONMOUTH FIGHT.

his whole force upon his hands, which he estimated at about twenty thousand men. As a precaution, he recalled the Seventeenth (light) dragoon regiment from Knyphansen's column, to cover his right flank, (right after he had faced about). An attack of the American cavalry was repulsed by Clinton's dragoons, whereupon the Americans drew back and assumed a position, very favorable for them, on a range of heights above Freehold Court House. Notwithstanding the fearful heat, Clinton determined to attack again at this point. The Coldstream Guards constituted his right wing, and the greundiers his left. This attack, principally with the bayonet, was so impetuous that the enemy were quickly driven back and put to flight.

Upon this a second American line moved forward, which truly held on bravely under a very heavy fire; but this also was driven back. A third position had new to be assailed, the left slank of which had already been turned by the British second line; but as the troops were too much exhausted, and Clinton did not wish to dislocate them too widely, the fight was discontinued, and the detachments drawn in together, since he had already accomplished what he had intended. The British loss amounted to 291 men killed and wounded, and 61 missing. The American something more. The Hessians had I killed and II wounded, besides II fatally sunstruck. The British lost 59 from this cause.

In the whole course of the war, no such heavy cannonade had yet been heard on either side.

The Hessian and Anspach Jagers (riflemen) under the brave Wurmb, which had been assigned to the duty of rearguards and flankers, highly distinguished themselves throughout the whole retreat. Ever in contact with the enemy, they had had these treading on their heels for three weeks.

three weeks.

LAFAYETTE AND PULASKI.

three weeks.

LAFAYETTE AND PULASKI.

Besides this, the roads were pitiful, the streams almost destitute of bridges, and the heat prostrating. The young, impetuous Lafayette, and the Pole, Pulawsky (Palaski), never permitted them to rest. They were engaging them day and night. On this account it was so ordered that whenever the army moved the outposts and pickets marched in regular order, so that the first constituted the advanced and rear guards, the others the flankers. During this retreat, the young Jager non-commissioned officer, Ochs, afterward the Hessian general and military critic, made his mark, so that Wurmb already recommended him for promotion, although he had only joined the corps in the previous September. Nevertheless, he did not get his epaulette until two years later—7th September, 1780—and Wurmb immediately selected him as his adjutant. On this occasion, likewise, Captain Ewald particularly distinguished himself. On the second evening after the army moved, he prevented the Americans from destroying a bridge (at Crosswicks), and drove the covering party out of a neighboring mill. Without Ewald's activity, the (British) army would have lost a day. Clinton expressed the warmest recognition of this action in thanks to Ewald and his men, (and refers to it in his official report). These riffemen suffered the severest losses during the whole operation. The mounted men especially bore witness to this.

How difficult a problem Knyphausen especially had to solve, can be casily comprehended from the fact that he had to protect a confused mass

How difficult a problem Knyphausen especially had to solve, can be easily comprehended from the fact that he had to protect a confused mass of baggage, which was strung out twenty miles. Above all, he had the American Generals, Morgan (to the right, south) and Dickinson (to the left, north) harrassing him continually. The first was particularly recognized as one of the most accomplished and audacious handlers of riflemen. Clinton, on his part, had Lee and Lafayette to bother him.

fayette to bother him. GENERAL VON STEUBEN. Another remarkable incident cannot be passed over without emphasis. On the side of the Americans was the noted General von Stenben, a German, very capable of exerting a preponderting influence in favor of his party. On the 27th 28th, while reconnoitering, he rode in very close to Knyphansen's column, and came near being taken, prisoner by a flanking party, (Simcoco's Queen's Rangers). On this occasion, Stenben lost his hat. (By the way, Colonel Simcoc, in his 'quinnal,' pages 68-69, claims this for help of clothes by the river, and probable min his prisoners brought into Washington's headquarters, was one of Stenben's prisoners. This soldiers said to General Steuben: —"I believe, General, that this morning I had the honor to see you, and I hoped to secure a more valuable prize than your hat.' "Why did you not fire at me!" saked Steuben. "You were recognized by General Knyphansen, and he ordered us to take you." (Compare Kapp's "Steuben," 158-159).

The allies (British) named this affair the engagement at Freehold; the Americans, the battle of Monmouth.

BRITISH IMPEDIMENTA.

Thence the march proceeded very slowly. Although the army comprised scarcely thirteen thousand men, they had such a useles corrolled. The rich British officers dragged along with them a mass of baggage, coaches, and (bas to bas, or pack) horses, together with all sorts of servants, mistresses, and other worthless truck, such as soldiers of the present day can have no conception of.

On the 30th of June, the army encamped at Middletown, and other cocau. Here it was placed on shipboard, between the 5th and 7th, and disembarked at New York on the 8th. The Hessian then encamped at Harlem.

Sandy Hook, and the cocau. Here it was placed on shipboard, between the 5th and 7th, and disembarked at New York on the 8th. The Hessian then encamped at Harlem.

Sandy Hook, and the correction the sea, and nother provided a change, Over this strait Cliude.

The remarked of "International Court his strait Cliude of "International Court his strait Cliude of "I Another remarkable incident cannot be passed over without emphasis. On the side of the Americans was the noted Ceneral von Stanban a

on shipboard, between the 5th and 7th, and disembarked at New York on the 8th. The Hessians then encamped at Harlem.

Sandy Hook was a little sandy island, on which not a blade of grass grew. There was nothing upon it but a lighthouse surrounded by a redoubt. Previous to the foregoing winter, Sandy Hook had been attached to the main land, but during this season a severe gale drove in the sea, and plonghed a channel. Over this strait Clinton had a bridge of boats constructed.

The Hessians during this march (retreat) lost a great many men by sickness and desertion. Many were killed by the fearful heat alone. The allies (British) lost about five hundred by desertion. But many abandoned their colors rather owing to the severity of the march and despair, than from any other cause. During the movements the heat was so terrible that, without counting the killed outright, many were stricken down senseless, and, in addition, there was no rest by day or by night. Numbers, again, remained behind, unable to keep up, or rendered half crany, who were afterward captured by the Americans. This retreat notably belongs among the most remarkable in the history of war, (von Ewald and Ochs).

The Anspach and Bayrenth regiments, together with the other troops which had been shipped on recently from Philadelphia, were landed on Long Island, on the 20th of June. In the course of the disembarkation, a Bayreuth soldier named Teufel (Devil), loaded down in heavy marching order, fell into the water. He sank prone, and could not be saved. The arm of the sea where the landing occurred is called Hell Gate. The wita of the army turned this tragical accident into a joke, and said that "the Teufel (Devil) had gone down to hell."

"The German surgeon, Dr. Johanna David Schrepf, who wrote a pamphlet on the climatic eccentricities and diseases of this country during the Revolutionary War, dwells upon the unexampled heat of this day. On the field, one thermometer stood at 32 deg., and, according to Gordon, at 36 deg. Farenheit, and in Philadelphia, at 112 deg. There must have been something exceptional, also, in the condition of the atmosphere, such as only occurs when a burning sun shines on an atmosphere surcharged with mosature. The writer has experienced just such a condition when a peculiarly hot day succeeds a day or night of rain, and there is no breeze. On such an occasion, the lungs seem almost incapable of carrying on vitalizing respiration. Such phenomenal days require a conjunction of a peculiar condition of atmosphere, as well as the intense degree of solar heat.

THE WHOLE THING IN SHORT.—The following

correspondence has passed:

To Hon. Clarkson N. Potter:—If you please, I would like to introduce some testimony for the defence.

John Sherman. To Hon. John Sherman :- Such an ontrage canSOULS, NOT STATIONS.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for Princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the humblest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vests could do no more.

- There are springs of crystal nectar Ever welling out of atone; There are purple hads and golden, Hidden, crushed and overgrown; God, who counts by souls, not dress
- Man, upraised above his fellows,
 Oft forgets his fellows then;
 Masters, rulers, lords, remember,
 That your meanest hinds are menMen by labor, men by feeling,
 Men by thought, and men by fame,
 Claiming equal rights to smakine,
 In a man's ennobling name.
- There are foam-embroidered oceans,
 There are little reed-clad rills:
 There are feeble, inch-high saplings,
 There are cedars on the hills;
 God, who counts by souls, not stations,
 Loves and prospers you and me;
 For, to Him, all vain distinctions
 Are as pebbles in the sea.
- Toiling hands alone are builders
 Of a nation's wealth or fame;
 Titled laziness is pensioned,
 Fed and fattened on the same;
 By the sweat of others' foreheads,
 Living only to rejoice,
 While the poor man's outraged fre
 Vainly lifteth up its voice.
- Truth and justice are eternal,
 Born with loveliness and light:
 Secret wrongs shall never prosper,
 While there is a sunny right;
 God, whose world-heard voice is singing
 Boundless love for you and me,
 Sinks oppression, with its titles,
 As the pebbles of the sea.

Sinks oppression, with its titles,
As the pebbles of the sea.

JULIA'S MISPORTUNE.

How a Dayton, Ohio, Reperter Scooped Miston Centemperaries.

There was a picule at Eby's grove, on the river bank, near Dayton, Ohio, one day. Just be rebank, near Dayton, Ohio, one day. Just be repart of the party said that it was a serial day to the property of the party simple prosess. Ther was gegatery to prove the property up ekitably.

The clothing was tenderly bundled up and taken to the pinic camp, stuffed under a buggy seat, and the party started home feeling very sad. It did not occur to them that it was a little stratege and the party started home feeling very sad. It did not occur to them that it was a little stratege and

Her Mendville Benux and Family Bo -Another Witness for Mr. Potter

The average Meadville man or woman who has a memory twenty to twenty-five years long will recall a family named Murdock who resided here from 1858 to 1859. James Murdock, the father of the now famous witness, Agnes Murdock Jeaks came to Meadville from Giasgow, Scotland, about the year 1849 or 1850. He was a carpenter by trade. About 1855 Mr. Murdock went South, deserting his family here, who in time became reduced in circumstances, and were finally the recipients of charity. The family deserted consisted of Mrs. Murdock, who was a graduate of a medical university at Glasgow, a woman of beautiful form and face, and her four children, of whom Agnes Douglas Murdock was the oldest, except a son by Mrs. Murdock's first husband, whose name was Douglas. After Murdock had been gone for some two or three years, a reconciliation was effected by correspondence with his wife here, and just before the breaking out of the rebellion she went south with her children to join her husband, since which time little has been known here of the whereabouts of the family. The war broke off all communication, and the relatives in this vicinity know little of them.

Agnes, who is now so well known as a witness, was nearly 18 years old when she bade good-bye to the beaux of Meadville. She is described, by those who remembered her, as a girl of remarkable beauty, and could well lay claim to the title of belle of the village and a most fascinating girl, although one without education, except what is denominated as a picked-up education. Her mother, however, was both educated and handsome, and had the entree into the best society of the town. The family, during their last residence in Meadville, rosided in a hone near the top of College Hill, above where the Odd Fellows' Home now stands. All our solid men now who were classed as the beaux of twenty years ago can recall pretty Agnes, and with wonderful unanimity refer to ber fascinating mamma. Alexander Myers, a former of this place, could add a leaf to this that would be interesting testimon The average Meadville man or woman who ha

THE tramp nuisance is worrying lows considerably. Here in Missouri, we believe they corral the tramps and put them at work making Democratic platforms. The platform of last Wednesday is not very creditable to the tramps, either.—Globe Democrat.

FANNY ELISLER, the famous dancer, in now

NASBY.

be Commune at the Corners—An Attempt to Equal ise Things by a Division of Proper-ty—How it Worked.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS.

WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY, Jooly I, 1878.

The finanshel condishen uv the Corners is and hez bin terrible, sence the tyrant Linkin emansipated our niggers, and the tother tyrant, Grant, refoozed us the controle uv the Fedrel patronage. The peeple saw that gradooally the entire welth av the Corners wuz senterin in the hands uv the blotid monopolists, Bascom and Pollock. Bascom wuz gradooally absorbin all the capitle nv the Dimocrisy, for he delt in the goods they yoose, and our march to beggary wuz stiddy and inexorable. We coodent work, becox the native white Kentuckian is averse to work, and likker he must hev. We kin git on with a very little bred, but likker is a prime nessessity, and ther is no escape from it. And so, ez we wuz perdoosin nothin, and must live, Bascom hed got morgages onto all our property, and he wuz gradooally absorbin everything uv valyoo. How to pervent this, hez hin the problem wich we hev discussed between drinks for yeers. And lately, ez Bascom hez abandoned the credit sistem, and insists upon cash, jist before takin a drink, to pervent mistakes and misunderstandins, we hev hed plenty uv time to discuss these pints.

The Commoonists uv Noo York-solved the problem for us. The ijee uv dividiff up all the property ekally, and abolishin at one sweep both the crediter and detter class, uv hevin everybody sheer ekelly, not only all the property, but the gains uv biznis, struck us ez presizely wat we wantid, and we dertermined to kerry it into effect.

Deekin Pogram objectid at fust, for he sed he WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY, Jooly 1, 1878.

Deckin Pogram objected at fust, for he sed he didn't quite see why he shood give up his farm; but I showed him, ez Bascom held a morgage onto it for more than it wuz wuth, that it wood,

we divided up by raffie, ex ther wuzu't plows enuff to go around, and we coodent divide up a plow.

We got Bascom and Pollock communed in about a hour, and the Corners postponed dividin up the real estate till mornin.

The sitizens met at Bascom's early in the mornin, to finish. The Deckin called on Bascom to set em up, ez he hed sold a plow wich he hed won at the divishen uv Pollock's property, to a nigger farmer for four dollars, and he triumfantly showed the money, so that Bascom shood hev no hesitashen in settin uv it out.

"How kin I set out likker," ansered G. W., "when I ain't got none? Yoo divided it up yisterday afternoon."

"But yoo wuz agoin to hev a fresh barl in from Louisville last nite,"

"I wnz," replied Bascom, "but I countermandid the order. I shan't keep no more likker in the Corners, till yoo git some settled noshens uv finanse. I don't like this dividin biznis. Yoo hed better turn around and find some one who didn't drink his pint and a haf, and make him divide with them ez did consoom ther sheer. I don't see how yoo kin stop this noshen, after it's wunst startid."

That wuz hopelis. Every mother's son uv em had drunk his spher on the sont and they wurn't

don't see how yoo kin stop this noshen, after it's wanst startid."

That wan hopelis. Every mother's son uv em had drunk his sheer on the spot, and ther wan't a drop to be hed for luv or money. And ther wan't a drop to be hed for luv or money. And ther wan four hundred men, all uv em watin for ther mornin starter, and not a drop to be hed. And ther sot Bascom, the only man wich cood furnish it to ns, smilin at our agony, ex cam ex a Summer mornin. And wen he pulled a pint flask from his pockit, and took his drink, with the remark that he hed bin prudent enuff to save that, it stung us to maduis.

Finelly Bascom sed that the likker that he hed ordered wux reely in the Corners, but that he had conceeled it tfil he cood know suthin uv wat wux to happen to him. And we compermised. We argeed to return to the old ways—to compensate him for the likker we hed consoomed the nite afore, and to postpone the regenerashen uv the world at least six months, and to give him a month's notis afore we commenst agin. On these condishens he roled in a barl, and the Corners wux irrigatid.

We are gittin on very well now, by tradiu wat we commooned from Pollock to Bascom for likker. The yard peeces uv caliko and woolin he takes for likker, and sells em in Looisville to cheep clothin men for vest patterns, and the other goods he takes at a fair valyooashen. Bascom ain't hard to deel with, ef yoo bev got anything with wich to pay him.

I don't know how a commonity fixed ex we are kin hev'Commonism in its poority. We are in the iron grasp uv capitle, and don't appeer to be able to git out uv it. Ef we cood divide Bascom up, and then the minit wat we took uv him wux gone, hev another man come in with a stock to divide up, and so, ad infinium, it wood work, but deelers in nessaries, ex the Deekin remarks, is sordid, and wen they diskiver the kind uv a markit the Corners wux, he wux afeerd they wood be too selfish to come in any grate numbers. While we uv the Corners wux ejecatid up to the grate prinsiples uv Communism, he didn't bleeve th

And so the ijee wus a faleyoor—we are wunst more in the grasp uv Bascom and his capitle. He hez meens, and kin dictate to us wich hevn't. And ez we hevn't any nigger laber, we perdoose nothin, and ez we are constashenelly opposed to laber, we are likely to remane in thralldom. It's a cold world, and will be till the Guverment pays us for losses doorin the war.

PRINGLEUM V. NASBY,

Commonist, in theory.

Bold Capture of a Sunke.

Mr. S. C. Biedsoe, while travelling through the eastern portion of Shelby County, Ind., the other of day, had his attention attracted by a lot of birds-chirping and fluttering around an old stump near the road. He discovered in the cavity a large snake, coiled in folds, while its head protruded eight or ten inches from an opening in the stump. Taking from his buggy a large valie, he opened and placed it upon the ground near by; then cautiously approaching the side from which the head was protruding, he seized the snake by the neck with both hands, and began to draw it out. The serpent struggled fiercely, coiling itself around the legs of Mr. Bledsoe, but was finally mastered, incarcerated in the large valies, and looked and carried up to St. Pal. There a steut cage was built, and the reptile placed in it. It, however, soon burst open the cage, attempted to eccape, and was killed. It measured six feet in length, ten and one-half inches in circumference and was yellowish.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD. [The following very beautiful poem is the producti a professor in Trinity College, Dublin.]

- Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
 Who blunhes at the name?
 When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
 Who hangs his head for shame?
 Ho's all a knave or half a slave,
 o's all a knave or half a slave,
 But a ruse man, like you man,
 Will all your glasses with us.

- We drink the memory of the brave,
 The faithful and the few—
 Some lie far off beyond the wave—
 Some sleep in Ireland, too:
 All—all are gone—but still lives on
 The fame of those who died—
 All true men, like you, man,
 Remember them with pride.
- Some on the shores of distant lands
 Their weary hearts have laid.
 And by the stranger's heedless hands
 Their lonely graves were made;
 But, though their clay be far away,
 Beyond ine Atlantic foam.
- The dust of some is Irish earth;
 Among their own they rest;
 And the same land that gave them birth,
 Has caught them to her breast;
 And we will pray that from their clay.
 Full many a race may start,
 Of true men, like you, men,
 Topict as brave a part.
- They rose in dark and evil days,
 To right their native land:
 They kindled here a living blaze,
 That nothing shall withstand.
 Alas! that Might can vanquish R
 They fell, and passed away;
 But true men, like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day.
- Then, here's their memory—may it be
 For us a guiding light.
 To cheer our strife for liberty.
 And teach us to unite.
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
 Though sad as theirs your fate;
 And true men be you, men,
 Like those of Ninety-Eight.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

The Heritage of Bigotry and Strife Trans-planted to America. There is a geographically inconsiderable stream in Ireland called the Boyne, rising in the Baro-ny of Cartery, in the County Kildare, and falling into the English Channel about ten miles south into the English Channel about ten miles south of Dunany, after a course of about sixty miles from its source. But petty as the stream is in both volume and length, its name has been the rallying point of more bigotry and civil strife than that of the Rhine or the Danube, the Thames or the Seine, or in fact of any other river in Christendom. It was in July, 1690, that William of Orange, who, with his Queen Mary, the eldest daughter of James II., had been accepted as King of Great Britain and Ireland, met his father-in-law upon the Boyne water. The rival forces were drawn up in numbers, according to some chroniclers, nearly equal upon The rival forces were drawn up in numbers, according to some chroniclers, nearly equal upon either bank of the river. But the Irish had acquired a discipline not nearly equal to the united forces brought against them. The commanders, also, of the opposing hosts were as different as two men could possibly be. James, who, as Duke of York and Lord High Admiral, had shown both courage and capacity upon the seas, seemed to have lost them all when, after violating the laws of his realm and throwing the great seal into the Thames, he had field for refuge into France, and had only emerged to try the last desperate chance among a people who had never felt the hand of his tyranny, and who still remained faithful both to the person of the last reigning Stuart and the creed with which his crown and dignity were allied.

William had been brought over to England by the defection of the great English lords, aided in the very last moment by the budding genius of John Churchill. the greatest entails of

nins of John Churchill, the greatest captain of the age, even then the chief adviser of the Princess, afterward the Queen, Am, the youngest daughter of the banished sovereign, whose consent in those days of dynastic influence was all important to the thorough and complete establishment of the revolution. Subsequent history in has proved the part taken at that time by many of the great lords, and the vigor of the Jacobin risings in Scotland in 1715, and 1745, and the cruefties the Duke of Camberland considered necessary for the prevention of their repetion after Colloden, would lead most impartial historians to refuse to believe that the cause of the Stuarts was utterly hopeless when James landed for the last time in Ireland. Be this avit may, all the rational hopes of the Jacobites must have vanished forever when the Blues had struggled through the stream, and when James Stuart, turning back, and accompanied by but a few personal attendants, made his best way to the nearest scaport, and again took refuge at the court of King Louis XIV., then and until the death of first Mary and then William, and even so late as the Treaty of Urrecht, the last hope of the house of Stuart. With the battle of the Boyne, the Stuarts, had they been wise, would have accepted their fate. Both James and his wife, Mary of Modena, must have been perfectly aware that nearly the whole of Engand, with the exception of Cumberland and a few Northern sections of countries, rependiated the birth of the young pretender. The vast majority of the yeomanry and the gentry, backed by the wealth of nearly the whole of the city of London, openly and scornfully called the reputed son of the King they had expelled a supposititions child, by fraud and by backstairs influence introduced into the royal bed. The contest should then have been over. It was impossible, perhaps, to restrain until more than half a century afterward the untaget and prudence were concerned, far wiser than the Hierardian promoter of the survey of the Boyne, all the struggle would h

A Bab Family.—The Bulls—John, Sitting, Irish and Ole, in fact the entire family—are getting belligerent.—Commercial Advertiser.

DISRABLI'S a bigger man than old Vic.—Chica-